

THE

other common-
know
cape its

CURE IS

Many people take pills, which
gripe and purge, weakening the
body. More take Simmons Liver
Regulator, or powder, be-
cause it is so mild, takes, does
not gripe, and is a mild laxative,
that also tones up the system.
The relief is quick. It is Nature's
own remedy, purely vegetable.

"I never found anything to do me any
good until I used Simmons Liver Regu-
lator. It has been three years since I
first used it and I have not had Sick Headache
since. I mean my sister who had from one
to two attacks of Sick Headache every
week one-half of a package, and she had
not had it since."—C. S. MORRIS, Browns-
ville, W. Va.

EVERY PACKAGE
Has our Stamp Imbed on wrapper.
J. H. ZEMLIN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Mail.

Mail closes for Pendleton, Portland, and all
points east, except the Dakotas, Minnesota
and Wisconsin, at 4:30 p. m.
For Walla Walla, Spokane and North Paci-
fic points at 7 p. m.
Mail arrives from Pendleton, Portland and
the east at 7:50 a. m.
From Walla Walla, Spokane and North Paci-
fic points at 9:30 a. m.
Office hours—General delivery open from 8
a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 8 to 11 a. m. Money
order window open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
GEO. HANSELL, Postmaster.

LOCAL DIRECTOR.

A. F. & A. M. NO. 80 MEETS THE
First and Third Saturday Evenings
of each month. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited to visit the lodge.

I. O. O. F. NO. 73, MEETS EVERY
Friday night. Visiting Odd Fellows
in good standing always welcome.

A. O. U. W. NO. 104, MEETS THE
Second and Fourth Saturdays of
each month. L. A. GILLESPIE,
Recorder.

PYTHIAN, NO. 29, MEETS EVERY
Thursday Night.

PROF. S. H. SHARP.

Physician and Surgeon.
Calls promptly answered. Office on Third
street, Athens, Oregon.

DR. C. A. MABLE.

Physician and Surgeon.
Calls promptly answered. Office on Third
street, Athens, Oregon.

DR. L. N. RICHARDSON.

Operative Prosthetic Dentist.
ATHENA, OREGON.

W. & R. Ry. Co.
In connection with
NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

—Forms the—
QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE

Between Eastern Oregon and Washington
and Puget Sound Ports, as well as the
Popular and direct line to all

Points East & Southeast

Pullman Sleeping Cars.
Superior Dining Cars.
Free 2d-Class Sleepers.

THROUGH TO CHICAGO VIA THIS LINE
Passenger trains of this Company are run-
ning regularly between

Dayton, Waltsburg, Walla Walla, Wash-
ington, and Pendleton, Oregon.

Making close connections at Hume's Junction
with Northern Pacific trains for Tacoma,
Seattle, Victoria, B. C., Ellensburg, Pocat-
to, Spokane, Boise, Helena, St. Paul and
Minneapolis.

AND ALL POINTS EAST.

TOURISTS SLEEPING CARS.

Accommodation of Second-Class
Passenger Attached to Ex-
press Trains.

Gen'l Frt and Pass. Agt., Walla Walla Wash.
W. B. TYLER.
Pres. and Gen'l Manager.
J. A. MURHEAD.
Agent, Athens, Oregon.

SOMETHING NEW!

Prof. Lane, the artist, has leased
rooms over the First National
Bank which he has converted into

STUDIO

and is now prepared to instruct a
large number of students in oil
painting and free hand pencil draw-
ing. New quiet rooms. Prices
reasonable.

A HISTORIC MARKET.

**OLD CLOTHES IN LONDON ALL DRIFT
TO A FAMOUS PLACE.**

Old Clothes Mart in Houndsditch Attracts
Hundreds of Thousands of People Who
Want to Wear Expensive Apparel, but
Can't Pay Very Much For It.

Down in the unsavory and ill-favored
quarter of Houndsditch, behind the area
of the city where countless gold is made
and turned over, there is an inclosed
space, part of the so-called Phil's build-
ings, which goes by the descriptive name
of the Old Clothes Mart. Admission to
it is obtained on payment of a penny as
entrance fee, collected by a man stand-
ing at the barrier that divides the street
from the emporium beyond. The gen-
eral aspect is far from inviting, and a
first cursory glance seems to reveal only
a collection of ragged, decrepit rags. The
floor is nothing more than the pavement.
The roof is the sky, and in rain or sun-
shine the heaps of clothes are exposed
without protection to the changes of the
capricious London climate. On shabby
days they present a lamentable appear-
ance.

There are no benches or stalls, as in
other markets, only lines of wooden rail-
ing running along the inclosure marked
out in lengths and apportioned to the
different vendors. The goods are packed
in sacks or bundles deposited on the
flaps, and at the open mouth or top of
each is displayed a sample of its con-
tents, which is also temptingly laid
across the rail, whence depend the legs
of trousers, the sleeves of dresses, the
frills of petticoats, the soles of boots or
the handles of sticks and umbrellas. The
goods vary considerably in quality and
aspect. Some are moldy, tattered or
colorless; others are in fairly good con-
dition; clean and serviceable.

Old Clothes Mart is victimized by hawk-
ers who hunt certain suburban districts
to purchase the cast-off garments of the
more modest inhabitants—those who do
not hesitate to discuss the conditions of
the business in person at their front
doors. The dealers are not carried on in
their 120 low beds, with a table knowl-
edge of human nature, offer in exchange
crochery, plaster figures or even flowers
in pots, experience having successfully
proved that a bust, a pair of vases or a
water bottle worth sixpence is infinitely
more tempting than a shilling, and the
buyer has the satisfaction of emptying
the barrow laden with flashy, worthless
articles at a profit of 50 per cent.

When his original stock in trade is re-
placed by wearing apparel, the hawk-
er adjourns to the neighborhood of the
mart, where he finds a group of men
calling themselves commission buyers
who bid against each other for the whole
lot. The successful competitor forth-
with distributes his bargains among the
holders of the railed-off compartments
who endeavor to retail them to the
customers who have paid the entrance
fee. The best of these customers are
always Irish buyers. They carry off
wholesale quantities for Belfast, Dublin,
Cork and other localities beyond the
channel. Taking into consideration the
nature and general appearance of the
commodities, it is startling to learn
on good authority that occasionally £20
and even £40 have been paid down in
cash for one lot. Credit is never given,
and payment precedes the delivery of
the goods.

That, which, as a rule, are the most de-
plorable objects, fetch but little, yet are
eagerly bought whatever their state.
They are sent to Paris for the sake of
the silk on them and there manufactured
into new ones. Coats vary more in price
than any other article; some go for a
penny, some for sixpence and upward to
£5. There was a legend on the mart that
one coat was actually sold for "a tanner."

Clothes that have been worn by the
highest and richest in the land have
found their downward way to Hounds-
ditch, not excepting those once belong-
ing to the Prince of Wales, not to the
people owners are a party to the descrip-
tion, but because the valets whose per-
quisites they become know of this way of
realizing money for them. The bargains
are advantageous to all parties. Some
of the shabby, disreputable and poverty
stricken looking rags held out at the
mart, the men who baggie desperately
over a sixpence, are well to do capital-
ists. One of them is the proprietor of
several houses in a good quarter of Lon-
don. Others have a large balance at the
bank, and others still own considerable
property in stocks and shares. They
turn over thousands of pounds in the
course of a year, which is not surprising,
as the mart is opened every day and vis-
ited by 800 or 700 people on week days
and by 4,000 to 5,000 on Sundays. A no-
table particularity is that while on week
days the stalls are free and a charge is
made for the admittance of the public
on Sundays the stallholders pay a small
fee and the customers enter gratuitously.

The mart is open from 11 to 6. It is a
favorite lounge for the dwellers in the
district, while those on business intent
look to it from great distances.
The old clothes mart of Houndsditch is
not comprised in the list of the 100 mar-
kets mentioned in the report of the com-
mittee of public control, and it may
therefore continue to exist with impu-
nity. It has been in working order for
about 60 years and is an important one
in its line. Its trade extends to Spain
and the Cape, whither go the renovated
costumes and repaired goods. France
and Scotland receive their consignments
in their unregenerate state and treat
them according to their own require-
ments.—London Cor. New York Sun.

Curious People in Russia.

"The Christs" are a curious sect in
Russia. They worship each other! The
chief ceremonies are a crazy species of
dancing, yelling as loudly as possible
and pounding stones with sticks.
The "Christs" believe in self mutila-
tion, but will not submit to amputation
even though it would save life. Like the
"Christs," they dance and yell for hours
without intermission.—Philadelphia Times.

THE GOSPEL OF WORK

**EMILE ZOLA'S STIRRING ADVICE TO
FRENCH STUDENTS.**

Extracts From a Masterly Speech Delivered
Before a Body of Young Men in
Paris—The Relation Between Science
and Happiness Explained.

Emile Zola, the famous novelist, pre-
sided at a dinner given by the Students
association of Paris, in the course of
the evening he spoke as follows:

Did science ever promise happiness? I
do not think so. Science promised the
truth, and it is questionable if happiness
can be made out of facts. To be con-
tent with them even for a day one must
possess a stoicism, an absolute selfishness,
a serenity of intelligence possible
only to the highest minds. Therefore a
despairing cry goes up from suffering
humanity. How it longs to live with-
out delusions and illusions! Where there
is not somewhere a world where justice
reigns, where the wicked are punished
and the good rewarded, how endure the
abominations of human existence? Na-
ture is unjust and cruel. Science ends
in the monstrous law of the survival of
the strongest. Reasoning thus, recoiling
from realities as yet ill explained, they
seek a dream, but confidence in the out-
come of sight and hope to satisfy in the
beyond their yearning for fraternity and
justice.

This despairing appeal for happiness,
rising on every side, moves me infinitely.

Already music has responded to it, lit-
erature is trying to satisfy the new thirst,
and art is changing to show its sym-
pathy. It is the reaction against nature-
ism, which is they say, dead and buried.

At any rate the movement is undeniable.
It is felt in all the manifestations of
mind, and unless it is taken into ac-
count, studied and explained the out-
look for the morrow is hopeless.
I, being an old and rugged positivist,
see in all this only a halt in the march
ahead. Indeed it is not even that, for
our libraries, laboratories, amphithe-
atres and schools are not deserted. What
remains most to be feared is the fact that
the social ground is unchanged. For a new
art to flourish, for a new belief to give
humanity a new direction, there must
be a new soil to them to germinate and
grow in. Ours is still the democratic
soil whence the century rose. Faiths
are not resuscitated, and only a mythol-
ogy can be made of a dead religion. The
next century will affirm this one. What
I will concede is that in literature we
brought the horizon too near, and per-
sonally I regret having endeavored to
limit art to proved virtues.

The new men, by re-extending the
horizon, have regained possession of the
unknown and the mysterious, and they
have done well. Between the truths ac-
quired through science, which are not to
be shaken, and the truths to be con-
quered tomorrow from the unknown,
which in the future are the domain of im-
agery, there is a land of doubt and inquiry.
This land belongs as much to literature
as to science. Into it we can go as pio-
neers, doing the work of precursors and
interpreting, according to our talents,
the unknown forces. The ideal is only
the unexplained. It is well enough to
invent solutions for the unknown, but
we have no right to put in question and
so deny facts already verified. As sci-
ence advances the ideal retreats, and it
seems to me that this slow conquest,
though we have the melancholy cer-
titude of never knowing all, gives life its
only reason, its only joy.

In these troublous days youth is told
to believe, but nobody tells it exactly
what to believe. Believe, they say, for
the sake of the happiness that comes
from believing, and most especially be-
lieve in order that you may learn to be-
lieve. The advice is not bad in itself. It
is certainly a great joy to repose upon
the assurance given by my faith, no mat-
ter what. The difficulty is that one can-
not believe by believing willing to do so.
Faith is a wind that blows where it list-
eth, and there only.

In conclusion let me offer you a creed
—the creed of work. Young men, work!
I am aware that no counsel could be
more banal. In every school at the end
of every term it is given to every boy.
But let me, who have never been any-
thing except a worker, tell you the re-
ward I have gained from the long toil
whose effort has filled my life. The
world was harsh to me at first. I have
known poverty and despair. Later my
existence was a battle, and even now the
fight goes on and my work is questioned,
contradicted, insulted. Through it all
my support has been incessant work.
Regular daily for me and never forgot-
ten. How often have I seated myself at
my table, tortured by some great pain,
physical or moral! And each time, after
the first minutes of agony, my task has
proved a solace, has given me strength
to continue the struggle and await the
morrow.

Work is the law of the world—the
guide that leads organized matter to its
unknown goal. Life has no other reason
for being, and each of us is here only to
perform his task and disappear. Calm
comes to the most tortured if they will
accept and complete the task they find
under their hands. This to be sure, is
only an empirical way to live an honest
and almost tranquil life, but it is nothing
to acquire moral health and by solving
through work the question of how to
secure on earth the greatest happiness
thus escape from the danger of the dream.

I have always distrusted chimeras.
Illusion is bad for a man or a people; it
puts an end to effort, it blinds, it is the
vanity of the weak. To remain among
legends, to contemn realities, to believe
that dreaming of strength gives force—
we have all seen to what disasters these
things lead.

The only strong men are the men who
work. Work alone gives courage and
faith; it alone is the pacifier and the liberator.

When first taken from the mines, opals
are so tender and friable that they may
be splintered to pieces with the finger nail.

THE GOSPEL OF WORK

**EMILE ZOLA'S STIRRING ADVICE TO
FRENCH STUDENTS.**

Extracts From a Masterly Speech Delivered
Before a Body of Young Men in
Paris—The Relation Between Science
and Happiness Explained.

Emile Zola, the famous novelist, pre-
sided at a dinner given by the Students
association of Paris, in the course of
the evening he spoke as follows:

Did science ever promise happiness? I
do not think so. Science promised the
truth, and it is questionable if happiness
can be made out of facts. To be con-
tent with them even for a day one must
possess a stoicism, an absolute selfishness,
a serenity of intelligence possible
only to the highest minds. Therefore a
despairing cry goes up from suffering
humanity. How it longs to live with-
out delusions and illusions! Where there
is not somewhere a world where justice
reigns, where the wicked are punished
and the good rewarded, how endure the
abominations of human existence? Na-
ture is unjust and cruel. Science ends
in the monstrous law of the survival of
the strongest. Reasoning thus, recoiling
from realities as yet ill explained, they
seek a dream, but confidence in the out-
come of sight and hope to satisfy in the
beyond their yearning for fraternity and
justice.

This despairing appeal for happiness,
rising on every side, moves me infinitely.

Already music has responded to it, lit-
erature is trying to satisfy the new thirst,
and art is changing to show its sym-
pathy. It is the reaction against nature-
ism, which is they say, dead and buried.

At any rate the movement is undeniable.
It is felt in all the manifestations of
mind, and unless it is taken into ac-
count, studied and explained the out-
look for the morrow is hopeless.
I, being an old and rugged positivist,
see in all this only a halt in the march
ahead. Indeed it is not even that, for
our libraries, laboratories, amphithe-
atres and schools are not deserted. What
remains most to be feared is the fact that
the social ground is unchanged. For a new
art to flourish, for a new belief to give
humanity a new direction, there must
be a new soil to them to germinate and
grow in. Ours is still the democratic
soil whence the century rose. Faiths
are not resuscitated, and only a mythol-
ogy can be made of a dead religion. The
next century will affirm this one. What
I will concede is that in literature we
brought the horizon too near, and per-
sonally I regret having endeavored to
limit art to proved virtues.

The new men, by re-extending the
horizon, have regained possession of the
unknown and the mysterious, and they
have done well. Between the truths ac-
quired through science, which are not to
be shaken, and the truths to be con-
quered tomorrow from the unknown,
which in the future are the domain of im-
agery, there is a land of doubt and inquiry.
This land belongs as much to literature
as to science. Into it we can go as pio-
neers, doing the work of precursors and
interpreting, according to our talents,
the unknown forces. The ideal is only
the unexplained. It is well enough to
invent solutions for the unknown, but
we have no right to put in question and
so deny facts already verified. As sci-
ence advances the ideal retreats, and it
seems to me that this slow conquest,
though we have the melancholy cer-
titude of never knowing all, gives life its
only reason, its only joy.

In these troublous days youth is told
to believe, but nobody tells it exactly
what to believe. Believe, they say, for
the sake of the happiness that comes
from believing, and most especially be-
lieve in order that you may learn to be-
lieve. The advice is not bad in itself. It
is certainly a great joy to repose upon
the assurance given by my faith, no mat-
ter what. The difficulty is that one can-
not believe by believing willing to do so.
Faith is a wind that blows where it list-
eth, and there only.

In conclusion let me offer you a creed
—the creed of work. Young men, work!
I am aware that no counsel could be
more banal. In every school at the end
of every term it is given to every boy.
But let me, who have never been any-
thing except a worker, tell you the re-
ward I have gained from the long toil
whose effort has filled my life. The
world was harsh to me at first. I have
known poverty and despair. Later my
existence was a battle, and even now the
fight goes on and my work is questioned,
contradicted, insulted. Through it all
my support has been incessant work.
Regular daily for me and never forgot-
ten. How often have I seated myself at
my table, tortured by some great pain,
physical or moral! And each time, after
the first minutes of agony, my task has
proved a solace, has given me strength
to continue the struggle and await the
morrow.

Work is the law of the world—the
guide that leads organized matter to its
unknown goal. Life has no other reason
for being, and each of us is here only to
perform his task and disappear. Calm
comes to the most tortured if they will
accept and complete the task they find
under their hands. This to be sure, is
only an empirical way to live an honest
and almost tranquil life, but it is nothing
to acquire moral health and by solving
through work the question of how to
secure on earth the greatest happiness
thus escape from the danger of the dream.

I have always distrusted chimeras.
Illusion is bad for a man or a people; it
puts an end to effort, it blinds, it is the
vanity of the weak. To remain among
legends, to contemn realities, to believe
that dreaming of strength gives force—
we have all seen to what disasters these
things lead.

The only strong men are the men who
work. Work alone gives courage and
faith; it alone is the pacifier and the liberator.

ENGLISH TRAVEL EXPENSIVE.

**Why Rates by Rail For Passengers and
Freight Are So High.**

The eminent English railway author-
ity, Mr. William M. Adcock, points out
many causes for the difference between
railways in this country and the United
States. The higher rate of charges on
English roads are thus explained:

The very large capital outlay of En-
glish railways is of course one main rea-
son of the high standard of rates and
fares in England. Exactly how high
that standard is we have no means of
knowing, for our railway statistics,
made up in a form that was laid down
by an act of parliament about 80 years
back, carefully suppress the information
that is most necessary for us to have.

Ten miles and passenger miles are not
here recorded. We know that each ton
of goods carried pays the railways on the
average about 60 cents. If we guess that
the average distance is about 55 miles, we
arrive at an average rate of 2.40 cents per
ton mile, which is not very far from
three times the average rate in the
United States. So the case of passen-
gers we may guess that the average fare
is about 1.75 per mile, which though
lower than the American average, is
higher than in any European country.
Such a result seems very far from satis-
factory. High cost of construction might
have justified a high range of rates and
fares at the outset, but year by year the
per mile of line increases in den-
sity, and yet the rates are hardly com-
ing down at all—in the last year or two their
tendency has been all the other way—
while the passenger fares only come
down very slowly.

And yet the explanation is not far to
seek. Our services have always been ex-
pensive to work. They are becoming
more expensive year by year. In Amer-
ica railroads are mainly limited by the
capacity of the engines—only by the
weight of goods or number of passengers
that have had to accumulate in the
very short interval between one train
and another. Let me illustrate: If a
man is sailing from New York to Eu-
rope, he will choose his favorite line or
his favorite boat, regardless of the time
of day or of the week at which it
starts. On the other hand, if the Man-
chester elevated wants to try to run the
trains only once in 10 minutes in the
slack hours of the day the street cars
would rob it of the bulk of its passen-
gers.

Now, in England our business is all
between places which in America would
be regarded as close together. We call
Manchester "the north of England," yet
Manchester is only 44 hours from Lon-
don. Consequently there must be trains
between the two points at all hours of
the day, to suit the convenience of pas-
sengers wanting to go at any time. Con-
sequently, too, each train runs with very
much less than a trainload of passen-
gers. These trains must be run at
high speeds, for though a few minutes
more or less are of little importance in a
journey of hundreds of miles, a quarter
of an hour out of four hours is a very
considerable percentage. High speeds
mean few stops, and few stops mean ad-
ditional trains to serve the second class
stations. Then high speeds and frequent
expresses for passengers mean high
speeds and short trains for goods—that
is, half loaded—engines, for an engine
loaded to its full capacity moves so
slowly—occupies the line, that is, for so
long a period—that it is impossible to
find room for it.

But it would not be true to say that
the goods are worked at high speed, sim-
ply for the convenience of the railway
management. On the contrary, the de-
mand for speed in the case of merchan-
dise traffic is fully abreast of that in the
case of passengers. Broadly, it may be
said that the English goods service is
based on the supposition that, between
important towns at least, whatever is
sent by the railway can be sent by the
forwarding station over night will be de-
livered to the consignee the first thing
next morning. Now, a service such as
this, in the nature of things, can never
be a cheap one.—Engineering Magazine.

Two Hundred Deaths at Batafai.

Cherra Punji, in the Khasi hills, As-
sam, British India, is the "pole" of the
present known rainfall. In other words,
it is the wettest region on the face of the
earth. Mr. Blandford, at a meeting of the
London Meteorological society, read a
paper entitled "Rainfall at Cherra Punji,"
in which he presented incontestable proof
of the extreme moisture of the country
in question. The records go back for
nearly 65 years, but prior to 1872 are
rather incomplete, there being several
whole years in which no record was kept.

Carefully compiled data from these
weather journals, however incomplete as
they are, prove that quite frequently
during the summer, say from May to
September, the rainfall for a single month
ranges from 100 to 212 inches. Think of
it! Nearly 18 feet of precipitation in 90
days. Colonel Sir Henry Yule's register
for the year 1841 shows that there were
264 inches of rainfall during the month
of August. That was something phenom-
enal even for Assam, however, and is
not taken into account in the deductions
made above.—St. Louis Republic.

What Froebel Discovered.

Little Teddy, who is most regular in
his attendance at the kindergarten, was
very much interested in the approaching
celebration of Froebel's birthday. The
day before the event he came rushing
into the house crying, "Mamma, mamma,
I must have some flowers to take to kin-
dergarten tomorrow." "Certainly, my
son, but why do you want them?" "Why,
don't you know? Tomorrow is the anni-
versary of the day that Froebel dis-
covered the first kindergarten!"—New York Tribune.

An Experienced Attendant.
First Wait (at the mission)—Why did
you ask the preacher to tell us a story
wid er moral?

Second Wait—"Cause them's always
th' mos' interestin' ones. They pick out
the good ones to make th' 'moral' go
down easy, an' we're 'nough 'nough to
door to slip out 'fore th' moral comes."—
Good News.

SNAPPY AND RUTHLESS.

**It is amusing to read the answers in a
late newspaper letter to the question,
How can one be happy, though poor?**

Noah Brooks, Dr. O. W. Holmes and ex-
Senator John J. Ingalls declare that
happiness is a matter of temperament
and dependent neither on poverty nor
riches. Mr. Ingalls concludes with the
classic quotation:

More true joy Marceline extolled
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

All the same, however, Marceline
would not probably have refused to
come back into the senate house again
and take another whack at Caesar.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher believes
that true happiness is to be found in
true love, whether one is rich or poor,
which is a credit to her good heart.
Dr. John Hall thinks that the practice
of goldsmiths makes a man happy. It is
to be observed, though, that in this
world the gold people seem to be about
as unhappy as anybody else. Cardinal
Gibbons affirms that the best instruc-
tion on how to be happy, though poor,
is furnished in the sermon on the mount.

That blessed man, Dr. Edward Everett
Hale, says that if one sleeps nine hours
out of 24, spends two or three hours ev-
ery day in the open air and works on
steadily on the side of the divine will he
will be sure to have a good time. "As
to happiness," writes Dr. Hale, "or be-
ing happy, that is something that hap-
pens. The minute a man seeks for it he
loses it." Hamlin Garland is not far out
of the way when he says that happiness
depends on good health first and work
next.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox thinks happiness
consists in being useful to others. That
is a truly noble sentiment. "Happiness
is immensely a matter of the will,"
writes George W. Cable, and he, too,
hits the nail on the head. "I believe in
the superiority of mind over matter,"

says Bishop Newman of the Methodist
church. John Burroughs, Rhea and
Fanny Davenport recommend work as a
cure for unhappiness—work and a good
breakfast. Miss Davenport says, But
most of all, the answers of T. V. Pow-
derly and Dr. William A. Hammond
will commend themselves to the average
erring mortal mind. "I know of no way
in which a poor man may remain hap-
py," says Powderly. "I do not believe
in the possibility of happiness with pov-
erty unless the person concerned is weak-
minded," replies Dr. Hammond.

Noisless Wagons.
For some time rubber tires have been
employed on the wheels of hansom cabs
in London to reduce the sound. The re-
sult was satisfactory, but now comes
another trouble. The noiseless cabs, so
grateful to weary nerves, are complained
of because they run over heedless pedes-
trians who do not hear their approach.
It is to be hoped the rubber tire will not
be abolished. Let the walkers learn to
look out for themselves. It is better to
knock over a stupid, careless person once
in awhile than to kill half a hundred by
slow torture from the constant thunder-
ing, grinding noise.

Anything that tends to lessen the roar
of a great city should be welcomed. A
number of American inventors are now
experimenting with pneumatic tires such
as are used on bicycles, hoping to adapt
them to light road wagons. An extra
rubber tire has been placed outside the
pneumatic one by one inventor to pre-
vent the cutting of the air tube by a
stone or sharp knock. A New York bi-
cycle manufacturer thinks he has suc-
ceeded in making a pneumatic tire that
will work admirably on light road
wagons. If so, it will add much to the
comfort of carriage riding. But if the
attachment can be applied to light
wagons why not to heavier ones? The
gain to the city part of the human race
if the roar of beer and milk wagons alone
could be abolished would be incalculable.

WHITE CITY WAIFS.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is on the pro-
gramme of the World's fair for no less than
15 names and addresses.

Four Sad Summer Deaths.

Four of my friends during the terrible
heat of last July died in homes where
every convenience was possible, but from
which women were absent. With their
families scattered in the country these
men were forced to remain in the city.
In each case the thousand and one little
attentions that a man's home receives at
the hands of woman were neglected by
the servants. Meals were irregularly
served and more irregular